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## MELIBEUS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER.

MELIBEUS is one of those very few indomitable and enterprising explorers who have penetrated from the west end of London into Victoria Park. That he underwent many perils and privations may be easily understood, for he travelled by the Roundabout Railway. He has a harrowing recollection of having been taken out of the train at a place called—could it be so?—Balls Pond, in company with many uninteresting persons, and forced to wait there while the same train went away and came back again. I have in vain endeavoured to shake, by cross-examination, the testimony of my unfortunate friend upon this point; his assertions have been consistent and invariable.

‘It went away, sir, and played about on the other line without once going out of sight, and then it came back again, and we resumed our seats. Perhaps it was in boastful defiance of any down-train which might chance to be coming; perhaps it was a scenic display provided by the directors for our delectation—although I do hope not, since it happened upon a Sunday—but whatever the motive, the fact was as I describe.’

The hideous character of the route; the cheerless appearance of the stations, combining the discomfort of the log-hut with the unpicturesqueness of railway architecture; the habit of locking up everybody who wanted to get away until the train was gone, and then letting them off all at once through a narrow gate, like a gun with a charge too great for the barrel—all this he describes with a fidelity even more minute than usual. There was nobody to take off his attention by conversation, for nobody would go with him. Companionship on such an expedition was too severe a test for modern friendship, and Melibeus was alone. At last he arrived at that bourne, I do not say *from* which no traveller ever returns, but *to* which no traveller ever returns if he can help it; he reached Victoria Park. Once there, his elastic spirits recovered themselves; he had taken a return-ticket, but had decided to sacrifice the difference, and go back in an omnibus, so that the back-journey was off his mind. The sight of so many hundreds enjoying themselves; breathing an air that is unknown in their squalid courts; walking in gardens and shrubberies, who, but for this East London Lung, would have been loitering in those waste places strewed with oyster-shells, which—a sort of land-scorfula—disfigure all suburban neighbourhoods. All these things delighted his philanthropic eye. He regarded, with a pleasure unintelligible to those who live for themselves only,

the appliances for the health and enjoyment of an over-worked and over-crowded community: the diving-boards—for it was scarcely winter yet—in the ornamental ponds; the gymnastic-ground, with its bars and swings for youthful Leotards; and the beautiful fountain, itself a vision from fairy-land, which has arisen from the earth here, as in so many other places, at the touch of Miss Coutts's benevolent wand. There were Sabbath-breakers in the Rotten Row of the place, it is true, ranging from aristocratic publican three in a gig, down to the costermonger in his very open carriage drawn by an ass; but these were few and far between, outnumbered fifty to one by the wicked of Hyde Park. The behaviour of all was unexceptionable: no carving of names, no plucking of flowers, no damaging of fences, with which misdemeanours the British public has been so long and so unjustly associated. The head of the family carried the youngest but one upon the shoulder most remote from his short pipe; the wife carried the baby; the mother-in-law carried a basket full of green apples, wherefrom she regaled, at intervals, the whole party, which included three other children, two of whom were already earning something for themselves in the world, for their coppers rattled in their pockets as they moved, like the arrows in Apollo's quiver. Such was the usual domestic group. But there were also lovers, in cotton and corduroy, very pleasant to behold, to whom the twittering of the London sparrows—who had come out for the day too, and made the artificial islands echo again with their shrill pipings—was doubtless as the murmuring of doves. Each swain treated his goddess with occasional ginger-beer, which must have been rather cold to the interior, but the extraction of the cork (accomplished by all hands) was an excitement that diffused a glow through both.

Melibeus came back from the east delighted with the inhabitants. ‘They are as well behaved as any born Belgravians,’ protested he with enthusiasm.

‘If you ask the door-keepers at the Crystal Palace, who know what it is to be torn in pieces by a half-guinea mob, replied I, ‘they will tell you that is no great compliment. The shilling-days are their quiet times.’

‘Now, what sort of theatres do these good people patronise?’ inquired Melibeus thoughtfully. ‘I should like to see “the glorious melodrama conjure up the shades of years” in their society: I should like to go to their penny-gaffs.’

‘Goodness gracious!’ cried I, ‘what words are these? What has a magistrate to do with penny-gaffs, unless to put them down? Permit me to discriminate for you, my bucolic friend. Ruffians, worse than even the melodramas you speak of ever

depicted, haunt the dens called "gaffs," which, besides, are now under the ban of the law. That class of worthy people with whom you have fallen in love are never seen *there*. They take their pleasure at the transpontine theatres—the temples of the drama on the other side of the water. The nearest of these is three shillings off by cab. There is the 'Vic,' whose name in full is a tribute to our gracious sovereign; and there is the *Surrey*.<sup>1</sup>

"I have heard of *them*," returned Melibous peevishly; "I desire to visit neither of those marble halls. I want to go where it is all *stucco*; where evening-dress is shirt-sleeves and a paper-cap."

"Good," said I. "Put on your worst clothes; leave your watch here; make your will; and go and enjoy yourself."

"And you," said Melibous with pathos, "you desert me, do you? Well, well! Break, break, poor heart!" and he placed his hand on the spot which the drama has always assigned to that organ, as if to restrain its throbbing. A transpontine manager would have given him an engagement at a pound a week upon the instant. For my part, I was quite unable to resist, and gave in at once with tears in my eyes.

"There is a *Theatre Royal* in *Slanger's Alley*, *Rood Street*," said I, "upon the *Surrey* side, for I remember reading the title, with wonder, one afternoon, when I lost my way in that locality. The vulgar call it the 'Tip,' as being a tip-top or exclusive place of amusement, patronised by the best circles only. An *orchestra-stall*, however, as I gathered from the playbills, might be retained there the whole of the evening for ninepence."

"That is the theatre for my money!" cried Melibous, clapping his hands—"half-price will not be ruinous. We have done our dinner; let us go."

The 'Tip' was situated in a singular neighbourhood; there was a chapel immediately opposite, devoted to the rather exceptional sect of religionists called *Jumpers*; a few doors east was pitched a *Mormon* tabernacle; a few doors west, a white-walled *Ebenezer* put in its claim to the attention of a too-Tip-frequenting generation. A region of strange faiths and gallery-gods. Next door resided a genethical astronomer. Melibous, who is proud of his acquaintance with the ancient classics, explained to me that this meant an astrologer; and mighty convenient it must have been for any dramatic tyro, who had only to step round the corner to learn whether he was born to be a 'star' or no. The Tip was of large dimensions, but of no great architectural beauty. It was, however, excellently adapted for bill-sticking, and thereby fulfilled its mission, which is sometimes not the case with edifices of greater pretension. The bills were not stuck on here and there, like patches upon the cheek of beauty, but papered the whole front from top to bottom, as the apartments of some lunatics are papered with postage-stamps. The colours in which these were printed were various as those of the rainbow, but the words were the same in all. From every one we learned that our proposed *orchestra-stalls* were 'better than the private boxes of any other theatre'; that in the *dress-circle* bonnets were permitted—a gracious privilege, which seemed rather superfluous, inasmuch as the majority of the ladies who thronged the box-office as we came up did not possess those articles of luxury. The nobility and gentry were also respectfully informed, in good-sized type, that no individual, however exalted might be his social rank, would be admitted in state of intoxication; and it was especially emphasised, that no bottles were to be taken in by any person. This final ordinance was not directed, as we apprehended, against any prevalent practice of throwing such missiles at actors who might fail to afford satisfaction, but formed with a view of protecting vested rights. All sorts of liquors were sold in the theatre, and the habit

of bringing them in was felt, therefore (by the proprietor) to be peculiarly reprehensible.

A private box, to our astonishment and indignation, was not to be had under five-and-sixpence, even at that comparatively late period<sup>2</sup> of the evening, but having secured stalls, and ascended certain rickety steps, we found a tariff very considerably lower.

"Stalls?" said the box-keeper, taking a rapid, critical glance at our appearance; "why not 'ave a private box, gents? You shall have the stage-box for two shillings."

Melibous elevated his eyebrows at me, as much as to say 'Cheap, isn't it?' but his action was misinterpreted by the official, and saved us sixpence.

"Well, gents, then let us say eighteen-pence, and a bill of the play in."

The ordinary stage-box of a theatre is familiar to most people; an elegant den, all velvet and gold, much desiderated by admirers of the poetry of motion. Let the reader dismiss this gorgeous vision from his mind at once. The stage-box of the 'Tip' had but few meretricious ornaments, and instead of a silken fringe depending from its front, there was a dusky margin exactly so far down as the human hand is accustomed to hang. Nor was this an adornment peculiar to our box alone, for it ran all round the theatre—a broad black ribbon, with here and there a tassel, where some unusually tall individual had played the tattoo with his fingers, a little lower down. The pit, which was very large and roomy, had the advantage of possessing a public-house, the bar of which overhung a portion of it, wherefrom were dispensed any refreshments which ladies and gentlemen might require to arrest 'the destruction of tissue' during so many hours, or to support the wear and tear of the feelings produced by Melodrama. Besides this, a pot-boy, with an enormous can of draught stout, perambulated the pit, and ministered to the wants of the infirm, the wedged in, or the already too much elevated. There was indeed only one instance of this last malady, but that one was obtrusively prominent. I do not know what the calling of the individual in question was, although, by the way in which his face and hands shone, I think he must have been something in the oil-line; but he evidently had not considered the notice addressed to noblemen and gentlemen as binding upon *him*, albeit this was repeated, too, upon a couple of immense placards hung from the *dress-circle*, along with an intimation that smoking was prohibited; nor could the plea that he was unable to read be advanced in his favour, since he was perpetually selecting information from his playbill, and retailing it at the top of his voice. This oilman nodded confidentially to us as we took our seats, and drank our very good healths with many extraordinary compliments, not only upon ourselves but on our respective families.

Melibous nodded at him good-humouredly in return, and protested to me that he would not have missed these courtesies for a five-pound note; but afterwards, as will be seen, a coolness arose between himself and the oilman, and their parting was less friendly than their meeting.

Both galleries were densely crowded, so that everybody divested himself of what he could, and the front-rails shewed like a pawnbroker's shop, so thickly was it hung with coats, and shawls and bonnets. In the intervals between the acts, the young people, too, made themselves unnecessarily warmer by engaging in some amusement resembling, at a distance, 'Hunt the Slipper,' but there was neither drunkenness nor quarrelling; and when the performance was renewed, you might have heard a pin drop, if such an incident had happened to occur. The curtain (in evident imitation of that at the *Haymarket*) represented

<sup>1</sup> The 'Tip' opens its doors almost at dusk, and is in its fifth act before the other side of the water dries.

some classical subject, wherein a man, on a rude sort of truck, was addressing a pastoral audience, some of whom, instead of paying any attention to him, were sacrificing to a torso god. Melibœus affirmed it to be the inauguration of the first railway under the religious auspices of the god *Terminus*; and before I had done admiring this ingenious explanation, the curtain rose.

The *Chain of Guilt* was already finished, and the audience (for we heard the cheering as we entered) could not have received it more enthusiastically had it been a gold one. But there was, we were glad to find, another startling melodrama yet to come, in *The Murder at Twelvetrees Copse*.

'I wonder whether it was at Mr Harper Twelvetrees's Copse?' inquired Melibœus, at which I having the imprudence to titter a little, 'Silence!' thundered the gallery-gods.

Unlike the fashionable frequenters of the opera or the *Princess's*, the audience of the 'Tip' will permit no interruptions whatsoever; no, not so much as the flit of a fan, or rather of a playbill, for fans are there unknown. They do not come to while away an evening, but to enjoy a catastrophe. They would not miss one bass threat from the pit of the chief villain's stomach (which is full of the same); they would garner every pearl of that falsetto string of them in which the heroine appeals to Heaven to frustrate all dishonourable intentions; they would watch with undivided attention every stealthy footstep of the assassin, every superfluous brandish of his dagger; they would drink in his 'Hos,' his 'Hos,' and his 'Now is my time, minions!' They hang upon every gasp with which the mortally wounded hero ekes out, to an extent beyond all medical experience, the last moments of his well-spent life.

It may be easily imagined, therefore, that our friend in the oil-line, who had by this time exchanged the genial stage of elevation for the sardonic, and was criticising the actors, and especially the actresses, at the top of his voice, was by no means sympathised with; and, indeed, his remarks must have been embarrassing enough to those who were the objects of them.

'Elp, 'elp, but 'ow?' exclaimed the white-robed maiden, flying across the stage with her finger-nails in her forehead, to signify distraction, while her lover was being roasted over a slow fire by bandits in a neighbouring dingle.

'Why, call the rural police, can't ye?' retorted the oilman contemptuously; 'or else where's the good of the constabulary?'.

A great cry of 'Turn him out' arose at this, and in common with the rest of the audience, Melibœus looked virtuous indignation through his eye-glass.

'Can't yer believe yer own eyes?' inquired the brawler, addressing himself to my admirable friend; then turning to the angry crowd, he added: 'Order, order—no inter'—he was a long while in accomplishing this word by reason of hiccups—'no interruption of the performance, lazies and gentlemen.'

'So young, so fair,' ejaculated the friendly huntsman (in Lincoln green), catching sight of the maiden in her perplexity; 'so fair, so young!'

'O my!' exclaimed the oilman with unusual distinctness of utterance. 'Why, she's forty if she's a day. Look how precious bald she's a-gettin' at the back of her 'ed.'

The indignation of Melibœus at this ungallant speech was profound, and his countenance expressed it. Perhaps the contempt of such a man was felt by its object to be harder to bear than the frantic resentment of the throng. At all events, without even deigning to take notice of them, the oilman divided his sarcasm from henceforth between the stage-box and the stage.

We were also the object of another individual's almost exclusive attention. Every five minutes or so,

a modest rap was heard at our door, and then would partially enter (for there was not room for the whole of her) a dingy female, to insist upon our taking refreshment. We refused again and again, upon the plea of a very recent dinner; but when she explained that the results of our patronage were all that she and five small children had to 'look to,' we gave in to her solicitations. 'Sherry-wine, port-wine, brandy and water, and bitter beer,' said she, were all to be had, 'and all of the very best vintages.' As we had never heard of the bitter-beer vintage, we tried that. If Mr Bass could have tasted it, and then read his own name and trade-mark on the bottle, he would have had a fit, I'm sure.

After this, the performance having been suffered to proceed without interruption for some minutes, we felt convinced that our friend must be doing some mischief. Accordingly, we leaned forward to get a look at him. His head was bowed as if in sleep, but upon close inspection, we could perceive a little wreath of smoke ascending from his boots.

'He has set himself alight,' exclaimed Melibœus, horror-struck.

'He has only lit his pipe,' said I with a sigh of disappointment. At that moment, the wretch came up to breathe what was by comparison fresh air, and his eyes met ours.

'You put that out, my friend,' remarked Melibœus gravely. 'I am not going to be burned in my box for your amusement.'

'Never shall I forget,' observed the maiden (her voice so failing with simulated terror that the upper gallery cried: 'Speak up'), 'the look of suppressed vengeance in that rolling eye. "Beware of 'im, my best-loved Chawles," said I; "beware of 'im;" and it is now too late. Oh, 'orror; 'is look 'aunts me now; its watchword Blood, and Death its countersign!'

Thus, in the appropriate words of the very drama before us, glared the oilman, pipe in hand, at Melibœus.

'If he looks at me like that any more,' exclaimed my friend of the unpaid magistracy, 'I'll get down and punch his head.'

As the countenance of the oilman was growing more diabolical every instant, and as I knew my Melibœus too well to doubt that he would be as good as his word, it was with much relief that I saw two quiet-faced persons make their way to each side of the offending gentleman, crush his pipe under foot, pinion his arms, and bear him half-way across the pit, before their object could be divined with certainty by the populace.

Then a great cry of 'Peelers' arose, and the excitement became something tremendous. The murder in Twelvetrees Copse was executed, I hope, with due regard to the unities, but I confess I saw nothing of it, so superior is the interest of real life to that of a scenic representation. The audience, which had been dead against the oilman hitherto, was now as unanimously in his favour. The honest mechanix with his 'old woman,' who had hitherto regarded any interruption of the performances as the very gravest misdemeanour, and the very falls of the act-curtain as fraudulent curtailments of their money's worth; the bright-eyed little girl with the heavy baby in her charge, who had sucked in every syllable of the play, as though it had been toffy; these patient and exemplary folk joined in with the rest in asserting the liberty of the subject. The gallery embodied its sentiments in pellets of bread and cheese, and finally, as the officers were concluding their task of expulsion, with a perfect rain of hats and caps. Not, however, that any person had public spirit enough to sacrifice his own, but everybody seized his neighbour's, and cast it down upon the mingled heads of the policemen and their prey. When all was smooth again, and the troubled waters, singularly enough, *allayed* by the removal of the oilman, the recovery of these fallen hats became the comedy of the evening. A chain of many-

coloured handkerchiefs was formed by voluntary contribution, and the property of each was made fast to it, and borne aloft.

'How pleasant is it,' remarked Meliboeus, 'to see the very scene performed which we remember in the *Rejected Addresses*:

'Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clue,  
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,  
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.  
George Green below, with palpitating hand,  
Loops the last kerchief to the bearer's hand—  
Up soars the prize! The youth, with joy unfeigned,  
Regained the folt, and felt what he regained.'

'Aptly quoted, Meliboeus. But is not this rival comedy upon the stage oppressive? Let us go. 'It is strange,' added I, when we had got out of doors, 'how ignorant of wit is that otherwise intelligent audience: it is only buffoonery which takes with them.'

'True,' returned he; 'but how much sadder would it be to see them witty and wicked, like the Parisian poor. There was not one bad principle sympathised with in either play, or a single vigorous sentiment which missed its mark. Above all, we might have taken our sisters to the "Tip" without offence. Mistress Hannah More might herself have sat there without a blush from first to last.'

'Very true, Meliboeus; although, I confess, I don't think she would have liked the oilman.'

#### HOW TO MAKE EMPTY JAILS.

WHEN a benevolent Society has existed for a year or two without pecuniary collapse or exposure in the *Times* newspaper, we may generally conclude it to be founded on healthy principles. Mismanagement of affairs; defalcations in the revenue, or at least something tremendous under the head of Sundries, in the debtor side of its accounts; a passing allusion in *Punch*; public meetings convened, and nobody there—all these are the measles and chicken-pox to which a philanthropical institution is always exposed in its infancy, and to which, if it is rickety in constitution, it is almost certain to succumb. If it lives over its first twelvemonth, we may conclude that it deserves to grow up altogether.

The *Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society* is one which may be said to have cut its teeth upon public ridicule. All kinds of hard, cold things were poked at the unadopted child by people who should have known better. 'Help prisoners? Pooh, pooh; help honest men,' was the general remark when he was christened. There was a certain Latter-day Pamphlet which seemed to have been prophetically directed against him before he was born. He was the actual Beast, in embryo, of one of Mr Thomas Carlyle's books of *Revelations*. Kind-hearted persons, who could not stand being laughed at, sent their subscriptions to the D. P. A. S. under false initials, to which, since it has been a success, we dare say many unscrupulous persons have laid claim. In very evil times for philanthropy, when ticket-of-leave men were in particularly bad odour, and he who had been in a prison was looked upon by those who had not as a sort of moral leper, incurable, and not to be touched, this Society dared to hold out its hand to the outcast, and say: 'For the future, be thou clean.' We spoke a good word for it in this *Journal* more than three years ago, when it was in want of encouragement from all quarters; but since then it has become famous. The *Times* is at least on paragraph-terms with it; the other dailies have now and then a leader in its favour. The most

fashionable of magazines has extended its kid-gloved fingers, and patted it on the back. Nay, government officials themselves, who are not generally found advocating amateur institutions, or willing to co-operate with their endeavours, have passed the highest encomiums upon its usefulness.

'The *Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society*,' says Sir Joshua Jebb, the director of convict prisons, 'is doing a greater amount of good than I can find words to express, and with very limited resources.' In his evidence recently given before the Select Committee on Transportation, he mentions this Society as one of the principal and permanent causes of the diminution of crime. 'We are discharging,' says he, 'more convicts than we are receiving.' These are golden words, and worth all those arguments falsely deduced from Political Economy—that Swiss of logic, which, good and true itself, is so often found in arms upon the wrong side—by which even well-meaning men will excuse themselves for keeping their pockets shut. In proportion as this Society increases, there are apartments to let in her Majesty's jails.

Let us see how this result is effected. Every person whose conduct in a convict prison has been satisfactory is entitled, upon leaving it, to a gratuity from government for work done while in durance. Over this sum, often a very considerable one, the discharged prisoner who accepts the assistance of the Society gives up all immediate control, and places it entirely at the disposal of the committee, to be laid out as they think best. This surely affords very strong evidence of a wish to live honestly for the future; for, setting aside any desire to recommence his old trade of thieving (which is by no means without its attractions), there cannot but be a great temptation—greater by far than that for succumbing to which we all pardon Jack ashore—to enjoy one's self a little upon our property, after an incarceration of it may be, many years. Instead, however, of squandering their gratuities in idleness and dissipation, many—nearly eight hundred in this present year—are found willing to be guided into the path of honesty, which does not lie straight before the man who comes out of prison, and is crossed by obstacles at every turn. The Society buys stock for such as these, with their own money, to set them up in some small way of business; or, by its agents, does its utmost to procure work suitable for them, and in the event of their not obtaining such immediately, advances from the same source the funds necessary to maintain them in the mean time. By thus expending the men's own money on themselves, and ascertaining beyond doubt that the greater portion of it is devoted to honest purposes, the Society does a great good, for which alone it would be worthy of the public support. Upwards of £8000 of gratuities were lodged in the Society's hands last year, and thus expended, which would have otherwise gone into the pockets of undeserving men and women, or been still more unremuneratively laid out (as far as the public are concerned) in the purchase of crowbars and skeleton keys.

But where the Society does its greatest good is in aiding discharged prisoners to emigrate. Notwithstanding all the charitable teachings of our religion, the man who has once slipped on the highway of Rectitude finds it difficult to regain his footing. His fellow-travellers henceforth look on him askance. Nor can we wonder at this. Honesty is to the mechanic or the labourer what virtue is to a woman, or honour

and reputation to the upper classes. If a gentleman is caught cheating at cards, his acquaintances no longer associate with him, notwithstanding that he may have expressed contrition, or have partially expiated his offence by having been kicked down the club stairs. It is better, then, that the discharged prisoner should seek some new land, where either persons have too good taste to inquire into the antecedents of others, or residing in glass-houses themselves, take care not to throw stones. Even for the purposes of emigration, the prisoners' gratuities, judiciously applied, are generally found sufficient; but where they are not, the Society makes good the deficiency.

Cases are only undertaken at all which are recommended by the prison authorities, or the particulars of which, having been furnished at the request of the Society, are thought to be sufficiently good to justify the assistance sought to be obtained. Nor should this be objected to upon the ground that it leaves the worst cases untouched; that it calls the righteous, and not sinners, to repentance; for with the limited means at the disposal of the Society, it would be foolish, indeed, to waste their all upon the most unpromising characters. Some future day, perhaps, it may feel itself strong enough to lay a healing finger upon *all*, but, in the meantime, it is not unreasonable that it should confine itself to those whose moral malady affords some hope of cure. The Society, which is ably administered by honorary officers, as well as by paid agents, continues the work of reformation at the point where the prison influence ceases.

With regard to female cases, it was found necessary, for obvious reasons, to provide a small house where women could at once repair on their discharge from prison. There they remain for a limited time, until situations as domestic servants, or other suitable employments, are provided for them; or until, under favourable circumstances, they are enabled to emigrate. The maintenance of this house, with its matron, &c., &c., of course entails a large expenditure, and the women's gratuities being much smaller than the men's, the Society is almost always obliged to render them pecuniary assistance, besides supporting them for a time before they are otherwise provided for. The committee, indeed, are apprehensive that this portion of the good work will have to be abandoned, owing to its great expense, unless a large increase to the funds should justify its continuance, notwithstanding the great and permanent benefit that has been derived by many women, who are doing remarkably well in various situations.

It is to prevent this most important branch of utility from being lopped off from the parent tree, that we once more bring this Society under the notice of our readers. Of its good intentions, few persons, we suppose, have ever entertained a doubt; of its good effects, there is now abundant proof. In its first year of existence, 141 cases were undertaken by the *Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society*; in the next, 425; in the next, 550; and from May 1860 to March 1861, no less than 779.

Innumerable letters, written to its officials by discharged prisoners who have emigrated, or obtained situations at home through its influence, touchingly testify their gratitude; while others from their employers, evidence that its aid has not been thrown away. There is a genuine and natural air of thankfulness—the grace after partaking of the bread of honesty—about all these epistles of acknowledgment, quite different from that pious hypocrisy with which our prison-chaplains are so unhappily familiar in most cases under their charge.

As the Society's work increases, its staff has to be enlarged; and from the great number of applicants at present seeking its assistance, considerable additions in this respect must be made. Yet the committee feel that they would not be justified in sanctioning such additions unless they are encouraged to do so by

further donations and subscriptions to the funds of the Society.

It remains, therefore, for the public to assist a work which is obviously for the public good.

#### BABY OR NO BABY.

BABIES look helpless little things, and I believe, from casual observation, that they are so; still they work wonders. To say nothing of the numbers of lodgers whom they cause to vacate their apartments, they are useful in many other ways. They give employment to doctors and nurses, maiden-aunts, unmarried sisters, and female cousins; they are considered fair game for caresses and endearment by all the feminine gender who can find no better vent for their amiability; they are a perfectly legitimate introduction between lady-travellers, who would otherwise sit in silence, mutually calculating the market value of what the other 'has on,' and between widowers and sympathising spinsters. The anxiety displayed to know how old they are, and how much they weigh, and whether they had any hair on their heads when they were born, and how many hours they sleep in the day, and whether they take their 'bottle' vigorously, and when they are going to be short-coated, can scarcely be equalled by that of any 'doggy' bachelor bargaining for a bull-pup. Then the kisses, and the fondlings, and the patting of the cheeks, and the insertions of delicate finger-ends into the dimples, and the soft pinches of the chin, and the playful poke in the neck and the chest, and the 'Oh! you little darling,' are pleasant amusements and harmless recreations to all sorts of elegant young ladies, but gall and wormwood to envious bachelors, who have no chance of being able to secure such treatment, even though they should condescend to imitate what seem to them the more prominent characteristics of the infant, by aping the conduct of David at the court of King Achish. Moreover, babies have a tendency to grow up into men and women, to increase the population, to the indignation of Malthusians, to overstock the labour-market, and to make it more difficult than ever to gain an honest livelihood. It cannot be denied, therefore, that they are very important little creatures.

This importance, however, is differently appreciated in different ranks of life. If it have pleased Providence to afflict a man with a cumbersome amount of property, or with a title of Right Honourable, or anything of that kind, I have been told that a he-baby is welcomed by both papa and mamma with great joy and thanksgiving, and is reared with as much care and watched over with as much circumspection—except that no policeman is employed—as the most valuable colt in a racing-stud; whilst a she-baby—especially if it have been preceded by other she-babies—is not made of much account. If a man be provided with only a moderate income, depending upon his talents and his perseverance, I have observed that he-babies and she-babies are alike received with glee, but apparently with more genuine delight upon the part of mamma than of papa. It is much the same with those who earn a humble but sufficient livelihood. But if a man be steeped in poverty, you may have noticed that babies of both genders are held to be an unmitigated nuisance. You may have read in the papers that they are sometimes accidentally lain upon and suffocated, and it has been whispered that there is a deep-laid plot in leaving babes to nurse other babes, whilst they romp and play amongst cabs, and omnibuses, and railway vans. But I am concerned with the good, not the ill effects of babies; and the rank of life which was the subject of my experience in that respect is the third of my division.

My observation leads me to conclude that when a baby is born in a family whose poverty does not descend to absolute indigence, all the women

connected with that family consider a glorious feat has been performed; and not only the women connected with the family, but the neighbours: every woman seems to be interested in the matter, and to be elated with the idea that there are babies about. All work is for the time suspended, and women who have been for weeks at daggers drawn, lay aside their animosities for a season, and gossip glibly upon the subject of Mrs Go-lightly having had a baby. If she had the cholera morbus, they couldn't shew more excitement, and scarcely more satisfaction. And yet it is not so very surprising that a married woman should have a baby; the contrary, I've been informed, would be a more legitimate cause for wonder, not to say admiration. However, facts are against that statement; and the difference of behaviour on the part of her own sex towards a married woman who has not for some time fulfilled her destiny, and ultimately arrives at the state and condition of a mother, is remarkable. Never in my life did I know so great a change brought about by a baby as in the case of Hanner Marier Ivins. The clergyman wrote it Anna Maria Evans; but he was a pompous man, priding himself upon his scholarship, and upon his own responsibility spelt the names of his parishioners after a fashion which had no warrant in their pronunciation. At anyrate, the young lady called herself, and her belongings called her, Hanner Marier Ivins, and I, not wishing to appear peculiar, always called her Hanner Marier too. Now my landladies—for two sisters do me the honour of letting me apartments—have living at a little village called W——, on the Eastern Counties line, a brother who fulfills in his own person the functions of a small shoemaker and parish constable. His name is George Badger. But you have no doubt seen it in the newspaper in connection with a late famous event. George once captured without assistance, and deposited in the lock-up, a lad whom he had taken red-handed—he didn't wear gloves—in the act of sleeping in the open air—not so much from choice as from a deliberate lack of the wherewith to pay for a bed; and so sensible of Badger's spirited conduct were the intelligent county magistrates, that they sentenced the offender to three weeks' imprisonment. It was not to be endured in a free country, said they, that lads should be homeless and penniless, and lie under haystacks, and commit no offences. If they would wander about the country in search of work, and sleep—as is commendable in those who have no occasion to do so—*sub jove*, rather than give trouble to the officers of the union, they must take the consequences. It is all very well for gentlemen with money in their pockets to tramp about the country in the summer and autumn months, and pass the night in nooks of mountains and all sorts of out-of-the-way places; but vagabonds without means must be taught better manners. In the former case, there is no necessity for it, and it consequently looks hardy; in the latter, there is great, and it therefore looks suspicious. Such, then, was Badger, a man with a keen sense of propriety: he never omitted to touch his hat to a gentleman, and he never failed to cock it fiercely at the hungry. His exploits were naturally much talked of by my landladies, and had reached the ears of Hanner Marier, for on Saturday nights, when my 'things' came home, it was Hanner Marier who carried the basket, and she and my landladies gossiped freely. The heroism of Badger had excited within her bosom strange emotion; so that when he came, as occasionally he did, to pay a visit to his admiring sisters, great was the attention he received from Hanner Marier: she offered at the shrine of Badger what she would have called the 'hincense hot 'er lu!' This was so plain, that even Badger, though he was rather short-sighted, saw it distinctly, and 'upon that hint' he 'spake. It was strange that he should have spoken, for he was usually a very taciturn man, and I should have

thought he would have 'proposed' either by the medium of a slate and pencil, or of the deaf and dumb alphabet; but I am assured, and that upon his own authority, that he did speak, and that the following short dialogue 'did the business.'

*G. B.* Did you ever think o' martyn', Hanner Marier?

*H. M.* Lor', Mr Badger, ow can you?

*G. B.* Ow can I 'elp it? (Here Mr Badger took hold of her 'and, and having secured that conjunction, continued.) What 'ud you say if I was to ask you to 'ave us?

*H. M.* (greatly agitated) Well, Mr Badger, high-don't-mind-hif-high-do. And so the matter was settled. It must be observed in passing, that Hanner Marier, when she was at all agitated, invariably made the first personal pronoun to sound like an adjective; but why Mr Badger used the plural in his important interrogation, I am no more able to explain than I am why retail tradesmen who have no Co. and no shopmen, and no one, in fact, but their single selves upon the premises, say 'we don't keep the harticle.'

My landladies were somewhat vexed when they heard that Mr Badger had proposed and been accepted; for the young lady's fortune could not have exceeded five pounds, whilst Mr Badger's shoe-trade was not extensive, nor was his salary as constable a profuse expenditure of public money. However, with the consoling reflection that 'he always was a fool,' and 'she was an artful hussy,' they sighingly acquiesced; besides which, they calculated, not without good reason, that they could make her 'generally useful'; and they certainly did. They invited her frequently to stay with them after the wedding had taken place (at St Martin's-in-the-Street; two four-wheeled cabs; three pair of what had been white kid gloves between six; and more gin and water than was good, at any rate for Mr Badger), and worked her unremittingly; and when it was found, at the end of a year, that she had not increased the population, they redoubled their efforts to enlarge her sphere of usefulness, at the same time that they made it quite plain by their manner they considered she ought to be ashamed of herself. She made dresses for them; she ran errands for them; she cleaned furniture for them; she washed for them; and she swept floors for them, in exchange for which, I suppose, she was allowed something to eat and drink (for she continued to live), and I dare say she slept somewhere, but as the regular servant slept (I am nearly sure) in the back-kitchen, and all the rooms in the house were occupied by lodgers, I would rather leave it to ingenious expounders of riddles to guess where. But as I have said poor Hanner Marier's own means were scanty, and her husband's income not considerable, so they were content to accept this inhospitable hospitality, and were even grateful (in outward appearance) for the assistance she was allowed to render to the accommodating sisters.

About Hanner Marier's own dress—though she made very becoming dresses for the sisters—perhaps the less said the better; indeed, there was very little to say anything about. She had some of course, and more than is worn in Africa, but not more, I should say, than is absolutely necessary in a highly advanced stage of civilisation. She had a gown, for I have seen it; and she may have had petticoats, for all I know; but if she had all those articles of clothing, they must have been very much thinner than is usual: her figure, in fact, was as though she were clothed in a bathing-dress, and had recently taken a 'dip.' But Hanner Marier was to be avenged. In course of time, she presented her husband with a very fine little Badger. Badger senior was apparently the person least moved; he looked a little troubled, as though he didn't know if he was quite justified in becoming

a father; but beyond that, he confined himself to smoking his pipe in gloomy silence, and doing whatever he was told by the nurse without a murmur of remonstrance. 'Cos o' baby' was an argument against which he knew there was no appeal. Had he been told to go and drown himself in the horse-pond 'cos o' baby,' he would have done it; and his friends were rather afraid he would do it without any invitation. He was certainly the person of least account in his own cottage; all his prestige had gone: his sisters had transferred their homage to her whom they had before despised; and the little baby, whilst he had unwittingly deposed his father, had elevated his mother to a position of great dignity. One of the sisters was always staying to look after Hanner Marier, and for the privilege of nursing baby, was willing to go through many menial offices, and even to prepare Mr Badger's refection. It was hinted, however, to that gentleman that he might be out of the cottage as much as ever he pleased, and allusions were made which justified him in supposing that if he chose to spend his days at the public-house, against which he had in former times been cautioned over and over again by the uplifted voices of his sisters, no objection in the world would be made. He might come at stated times to see his wife; but generally he would confer a favour by keeping out of the way. At length Mrs Badger became convalescent; the neighbours began to call; the baby was found to be of stupendous size and weight; and Mrs Badger's supremacy was at once established amongst her set. Rumours of the baby's fatness reached those in high places; insomuch that the squire's wife came to see it, and declared it was a 'monster' which so far from angering seemed to gratify Mrs Badger. The rector's wife, hearing of the condescension of the squire's wife, and being of a very pious and pliable disposition, immediately followed the example of her superior. The curate's wife had been already, and being ill able to afford it, had supplied Mrs Badger with several comforts; and the doctor, finding what his most profitable patients were about, suggested to Mrs Doctor the propriety of doing likewise. It soon occurred to these grand ladies, that so fine a baby's mother must need all sorts of little delicacies, and that so fine a baby's father deserved encouragement; so that all kinds of presents were made to Hanner Marier; jobs of shoe-mending, and even orders for shoes and boots, were given to Mr Badger, and arrangements were made whereby his constabular salary was increased. Moreover, the sisters saw clearly that so fine a baby's mother (particularly when she was liable to have 'squires' wives, and rectors' wives, and curates' wives, and doctors' wives—all of whom were likely to know people who occasionally required lodgings—calling upon her or desiring her to step up to their houses to shew the baby) should have a respectable wardrobe, or, as they expressed it, 'should be decent,' and they proceeded to act upon what they saw in a very liberal spirit. They had some of their own apparel made up to fit Hanner Marier. All this I learned by degrees. I had been informed of no more than the fact of Mrs Badger's maternity; one of my landladies had broken the matter to me when she brought my bacon in at breakfast. I noticed she was in a state of perturbation, and took the liberty of inquiring the cause.

' You recollect Hanner Marier, sir?'

' Mrs Badger, you mean?'

' Yes, sir. Well, what do you think?'

' Upon my word, I don't know.'

' She've got a baby! and Betsy ave gone down to W—— to do for her!'

' I hope not,' said I, alluding to the latter part of the sentence.

' But she ave, sir, and a very fine one too. Would you ha' believed it? such a little chit as she was!'

' O yes; I can easily believe it. It doesn't depend on your height, I imagine.'

' Well, no air; but I am surprised—I shouldn't ha' thought it of her; and exit the worthy dame in a state of admiration.

So Betsy and her sister continued for some time to go down alternately to W——, and 'do for' Mrs Badger, and I heard no more upon the subject; when, one day, having occasion to travel on the Eastern Counties line, I was returning in a second-class carriage, and had arrived at W——, when the door was opened, and two persons entered, making a great fuss with a baby. I turned my head away, and looked out at the window, not caring to interfere in matters that I didn't understand; but the two persons, both of whom were engaged in a sort of hissing chorus supposed to be soothsaying to babes, sat down exactly opposite me, and one said: ' Betsy, high ham so 'ot; take 'im a little.'

' Yes, a darlin', that I will,' was the answer, in a voice familiar to me, which, coupled with the use of the adjective for the personal pronoun by the former speaker, induced me to look up, and there, sure enough, were Mrs Betsy Bogg and Hanner Marier Ivins, or rather Badger. After mutual exclamations, strongly aspirated on the part of Mrs Badger, we subsided into desultory conversation, and that thorough examination of one another's outfit which is usual under such circumstances; and I must say I was staggered by the change in Hanner Marier. She had evidently as many petticoats on now as most women—and how many that is, I leave to arithmeticians—and they were stuck out by some kind of mechanism. She had washed her face and brushed her hair, or somebody had done so for her. I don't think she had yet been let into the mysteries of tooth-powder; but as for her 'ands, those parts of speech were plain surfaces to what they used to be, and the nails were very nearly clean. She always had nice eyes, as I once remarked to Badger; but though he had assented, it was gruffly, and he didn't seem inclined to pursue the subject. And she'd a pair of kid boots on, tipped with shiny leather, which might have been smaller and fitted better, and been sewn with less coarse threads; but I've no doubt they were a labour of love on Badger's part, and had been elaborated 'cos o' baby.'

Altogether, Hanner Marier, compared with what she used to be, was gorgeous. But what surprised me most was the complete ascendancy she had gained over her sister-in-law. She was a widow, who had buried an only child. Hanner used to call her Mrs Bogg, but now she called her simply Betsy; and Betsy seemed not a whit offended, and quite repaid for any little liberty taken with her by being allowed to nurse the baby: perhaps she hoped somebody would think it was hers; but even if it had been, would there have been much to be proud of? I dare say Mrs Badger couldn't help it. But so it was; Mrs Badger was queen, and Betsy was subject unto her. Consequently, as soon as Master Badger, disturbed in his slumbers by an unusually rough motion of the train, opened eyes and mouth at the same time, and roared you an it were any bull-calf, Betsy was content to undertake the task of quieting him. This she did in the usual fashion in which all women seem to understand by nature, insomuch that I verily believe a woman who had never seen a baby before, would at the first attempt hit upon the process by instinct. Then, when Master Badger's more violent efforts to choke himself had been appeased, Betsy went through that wonderful exercise in three movements in which the baby is held—apparently in a sitting position—on the right arm, supported by the thumb and finger of the left hand placed against the waist—if a baby has a waist—and tossed forwards with cries of 'ketchy, ketchy, ketchy,' or 'kissy, kissy, kissy' (I have never been able to determine which); and on this occasion I was the person to whom the observation was addressed. Not knowing exactly what was

expected of me, I fell to violently blowing my nose, partly as a suggestion that Master Badger wouldn't be the worse for a like operation, partly to cover my confusion; Mrs Badger at the same time demanding of me, whether he wasn't 'a darlin'.' I thought not, but didn't like to say so; and I was averse to saying 'yes' from a regard for truth; but I was fortunately spared any answer to the question by Betsy, who replied for me with vehement affirmation: 'Yes, that he is a darlin', a darlin', a darlin'', to the tune of 'Merrily the keel row, the keel row, the keel row'; and her statement was echoed by three other ladies, who joined in the chorus of 'ketchy' until we arrived at the terminus.

Here I had another proof of the pre-eminence accorded to a woman with a baby; for being of a retiring disposition, I was waiting, as is my wont, for everybody else to get out of the carriage before I did, when one of the three who had sung voluntary 'ketchies' asked me sharply why I didn't get out and 'elp out the lady with the hinfant; whereupon I dashed out and did so, Master Badger being held by Betsy whilst his mother was getting out, and after he had been kissed into quietness by the three sympathisers, transferred to Mrs Badger. After this, I saw Mrs Badger, and Betsy, and the baby into an omnibus, wherein were many other ladies, who all exhibited good-will in making room for 'the lady with the baby.' When I arrived at home, the triumph of Mrs Badger was more evident to me than ever; the first-floor lodger was away in the country, and she was installed in his bedroom; the Hanner Marier who had slept I don't know where, reposed on the drawing-room floor in a four-post bed with curtains! Moreover, both my landladies vied with each other in running up and down stairs with warm water and all sorts of things 'for baby'; and I found that Mrs Badger was expected to 'save her strength' and 'not put herself about,' and had a life of comparative luxury, all 'cos o' baby.' His howlings disturbed my rest, it is true, for he was rather more troublesome than usual, in consequence of an attack of what Mrs Badger called the 'diorama'; but when I reflected upon the beneficial effects which he had wrought on the condition of Hanner Marier, I could not but think to myself, 'God bless the little babies!' Not that I've much reason to thank them myself; indeed, I lost an appointment the other day, because somebody else had a wife and family, and I hadn't. I offered to remedy that disqualification to the best of my ability, but it was of no use; and I was left to wonder at the inconsistency which forbids you to have a wife and children until you can support them, and then refuses to give you what would support them because you haven't.

#### WILD HONEY

From time immemorial, the honey-bee has been the symbol of industry, of thrift, of multitudinous and hived-up sweets, of pleasant labours; and her name is associated in poetry, in prose, in the vocabulary of the husbandman and the savage, with the bloom of flowers, with the dews of the morning, with the sunshine and odour of summer fields. Few things in nature terrify her. Through shadowy and devious ways, she plunges into the depths of forests alive with serpents and wild beasts, sucks the flowers on the edge of the tiger's lair, unscared by his roaring, and wholly regardless of his fangs. In the dead of night, she goes forth in search of her winter's sustenance, and when at a loss for a suitable place wherein to deposit her treasures, she will sometimes select localities to our imagination revolting, such as the carcass of a wild beast, or the confined skeleton of a child. Possibly these strange selections of a dwelling may be considered, even by the bee-race themselves, as marks of eccentricity, since, as a rule, the little buzzing

honey-makers love to locate themselves in pleasant places, such as the hollows found in lofty and picturesque trees, or the dry cavities of rocks, on sheltered eminences, whence the oldest poet in the world speaks of them as issuing forth impetuously to disperse themselves over the meadows in spring.

Some creatures, as the robin-redbreast and the sparrow, invariably prefer residing in the neighbourhood of man; but the bee, when left to follow her own instincts, flies away to the waste places of the earth, where, in silence and solitude, she constructs her dwelling. Still, she does not by these means escape the invasion of the all-devourer. No place is inaccessible to human audacity. Wherever, therefore, the bees may build their nests—in rocks, in caverns—in the summits of lofty trees—in the faces of cliffs apparently inaccessible—thither, attracted by their wax and honey, man pursues them, to convert their labour to his own use, and rob them of their hoarded treasures. History, restricting too frequently its attention to the pomp and pageantry of kings—to the deliberations of senates, or the marches and conflicts of armies—omits to notice the relations subsisting between man and the inferior animals, though we occasionally obtain glimpses of the way in which the bee, for example, influences the condition of civil society. The barbarian in search of intoxication, has, in all parts of the world, obtained, through the honeycomb, the enjoyment of a brief but delicious delirium. Mead, Metheglin, Hydromel, were of old to the Celt, the Gael, the Scandinavian, and the Greek, what Burgundy, Montepulciano, and Tokay are to the opulent wine-bibbers of the present day. We can accordingly feel little surprise that man has generally found himself solaced in a double sense by the hum of bees—first as it is associated with woods and fields; and second, with the cask, the cellar, and the festive board.

Wherever serpent-worship prevailed in the ancient world, the bee was an indispensable member of the social system, the primary offering to the Agathodaimon nearly always consisting of honey-cakes. Thus, the old Egyptians peopled the banks of their beautiful river with those minute denizens of their body-politic whom Swift used jocularly to call the Hivites; and still as we follow interiorly the course of the Nile, honey in great abundance meets us—sometimes light and transparent, though elsewhere it is of a blackish hue, and strongly narcotic in its properties. The reason, we are told, is that the flowers of the sant—a delicate species of mimosa—are strongly impregnated with bitter and lethargic qualities. Of the sant, the Arabs have many unflattering things to say, denominating it, for example, the type of a false friend. 'When you behold it,' say they, 'its fair white blossoms and green leaves smiling on you from a distance in the desert, you are deluded into the expectation of pleasant shade; but when you reach the foot of the tree, there is none'; alluding to the scantiness of its foliage. But the little winged salamanders, whose achievements we are commemorating, by no means agree with the Arabs. To them, the sight of a sant in blossom—and it blossoms nine months in the year—is pre-eminently welcome. They alight upon it in clusters, and hum and buzz through its foliage like epicures at a feast; so that to sit beneath it in a morning, when they are busy at their work, gazing at the great river which rolls northwards at your feet through a fringe of variegated flowers, is one of the most genuine pleasures of a desert-life.

In India, the bee-hunters form a distinct caste, and pay a considerable tax to government for the privilege of carrying on their operations in the forests and mountains. To escape the persecution of these people, the bees in one part of the Deccan have selected for their habitations a series of small caves, fashioned no one knows how, or when, about half-way up the face of a perpendicular cliff, from five to six hundred

feet in height. As far, however, as the safety of their hives is concerned, they might as well have formed their nests on the ground. The bee-hunters divide themselves into two parties, one of which takes up its station at the foot, the other at the summit of the cliffs. They who are below then kindle numerous fires along the rocks, and when the flames begin to burn fiercely, throw upon them the leaves of certain trees, which emit a smoke so pungent and acrid that nothing which has life can endure it. As the destructive and noisome vapour ascends in dense clouds, which spread over the face of the precipice, the bees take to flight, upon which one of the adventurous hunters from above, armed with thick pads of leather on back and chest, places a rope under his arms, and with a pole in his hand, is let down by his companions. Ere the smoke has entirely dispersed, he knocks off the nests, which fall into the valley below, and he is then immediately drawn up, for should the bees return before he has effected his escape, they would sting him to death.

There are, in Southern India, four kinds of bees, which locate themselves in very different places. Some fabricate their combs about the branches of trees, which, being easily accessible, are constantly robbed; but there is a very small bee which, for the protection of its property, penetrates into the deep cavities of rocks, where its haunts are generally beyond the reach of man. When, however, by any lucky chance, the bee-hunter finds it practicable to reach the nest, he is rewarded for his perseverance by twelve or fifteen pounds of the purest and sweetest honey, with a proportionate quantity of wax. In the same part of the country is found a peculiar species of this insect, obviously less intelligent than its neighbours, since it chooses for its residence one of the deserted nests of the white ants. These extraordinary structures, five or six feet in height, and resembling so many trunks of decayed trees, are often beheld rising in great numbers on plains of reddish earth or clay. When their builders forsake them, they are commonly taken possession of by snakes; but occasionally, the bees, finding near at hand no other convenient quarters, settle in these diminutive hillocks, where they are easily robbed of their treasures. Among several Hindu castes, as in ancient Greece and Egypt, honey is still used in sacrifices to their rude divinities. Occasionally, in India, as well as in some parts of Russia, a species of bees-wax is found as black almost as ebony, which, being thought to be of much use in medicine, is eagerly sought after by the natives.

In the islands of the Indian Archipelago, a tenth part of whose productions can hardly be said to be yet known, wild bees abound in great numbers in the woods, where they fabricate their airy citadels with the same skill and intrepidity as in other parts of the world. The natives who undertake to search out their haunts leave home towards the end of summer, when the combs are generally complete, and overflowing with honey. As they advance from station to station, they build themselves huts of boughs, in which they store up the spoils of the bee till their return, when they collect the wax and honey, and bear them for exportation to the coast. Throughout China, the bee is likewise found, and there, as in India, the wax is employed in medicine, while the honey enters into the food of the inhabitants.

Nowhere, however, do we observe more curious and interesting circumstances connected with the history of wild honey, than in the countries bordering upon the Cape, in which, from time immemorial, the bee appears to have established her favourite quarters. The reason, of course, is to be discovered in the multitude of odoriferous flowers, to be found everywhere along the streams and brooks dotting the hillsides, and even spangling with their glowing tints the sands of the desert. An old traveller relates with

enthusiasm his meeting by chance with an entirely new flower in the recesses of the wilderness, whither he had proceeded in search of game. Being weary, he sat down on the banks of a river, when his attention was immediately excited by a most fragrant odour, proceeding he knew not whence. At length, environed by tall bushes, he found the true source of the perfume—a large flower, with white chalice, like a lily, invested on all sides with deep green leaves, and resting on a stem nearly four feet high. As its bell bent to and fro in the wind, it threw forth at every motion floods of sweets which might almost be said to lie heavy on the atmosphere, through which they were diffused to a considerable distance. In the neighbourhood of clumps of such flowers, the wild bees love to build their nests, selecting, in preference to all other situations, the summits of lofty rocks, where they at once enjoy a pure air and a commanding prospect over the whole country round. It was formerly deemed uncertain whether, in her choice of pasture, the bee is directed by the sight or the smell; but since she carries on her labours equally by night and by day, the question may, by that circumstance alone, be admitted to be set entirely at rest. Nothing in the natural history of the honey-maker is more replete with interest than her nocturnal operations as watched with a lantern in a glass hive. As a rule, the squadrons move about very silently in the dark, merely uttering a low murmur as they ascend from the perfumed chalices, and by way of giving notice as they draw near the hive. When they alight on the polished esplanade in front of the portal, they pause a moment, and then advancing rapidly, enter the gate, and proceed up the gangway till they reach the space left open for them to mount to the upper cells, which they always fill first. When one of these little compartments is found capable of receiving no more honey, the bee takes a little wax, and closes the aperture, which she then smooths with her proboscis like a trowel. All the inmates of the hive know their own department of work, and advance and retire in files like soldiers during a review, never in the least obstructing each other. Nothing, in fact, can be more striking than to notice the entering and retreating columns performing their evolutions with an order and regularity which resemble more the movements of machinery than the action of living and thinking beings. Persons gifted with a keen sense of smell become conscious of the approach of the bees, while they are yet a little way off in the dark air, from the delicate sweets they shed around them in their passage.

Connected with the Cape bees, we notice one of those extraordinary relations which exist between different tribes of animals. As all creation lives by mutual destruction, the bees of Southern Africa have among the birds a determined enemy which studies their motions, searches out their retreats, and then, by betraying them to the universal enemy, man, obtains its share of their spoils, which are the eggs deposited by the queen for the production of future swarms. Of course, the sympathies of the Hottentots are not with the honey-makers, but with their foe, by whose craft and treachery they profit. This bird, which is called the Honey Guide, having discovered a nest, flies towards a kraal, and perches on some tree, till, by his peculiar cry, well known to the Hottentots, he is able to attract the notice of some inhabitant of the village. The man, who understands his business as well as the intuitions of the bird, gets together the necessary apparatus, and immediately follows his conductor, which flies before him from tree to tree, screaming all the while, his cries becoming more loud and piercing as he draws near the nest. As soon as he perceives that the Hottentot has discovered what he is in search of, the guide ceases from his clamours, and sits tranquilly on a neighbouring bough, till the bees have been driven away, and the combs withdrawn,

from which the portion most coveted by the bird is carefully set aside, and left upon a stone or fallen tree for his entertainment. If this equitable division of the spoil were neglected, the guide, it is believed by the Hottentots, would cease to report his discoveries; so that their labours in the search after honey would be greatly augmented.

All along the western coast of Africa, from the Cape upwards to the confines of Morocco, we discover numerous colonies of the wild bee, generally in forests, where she finds abundant materials for her subsistence and the construction of her comba. Across the whole continent, indeed, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, wild honey is gathered by the inhabitants, especially towards the eastern extremity of the Mountains of the Moon, which extend their spurs towards Abyssinia, where the bees build their nests, and fabricate their delicate white wax in the roofs of the houses.

In America, where all nature displays peculiar characteristics, there are stingless bees, though it is a mistake to imagine, as some have done, that all the kinds found in that continent are thus innocuous. In many parts—an, for example, in Brazil and Paraguay—they sting fiercely, and are so untameable, that no art or contrivance can reconcile them to live in hives, and be under the dominion of man. Elsewhere, there is a species of bee, which, instead of depositing its honey in cells, fabricates a little oblong globe of wax, about the size of a pigeon's egg, in which the honey is preserved clear and pure. One of the bees' enemies in this quarter of the world is the monkey, which, when it succeeds in breaking into a nest, soaks up the honey with its long tail, and then retires to a tree to suck it. The sugar-planters of Cuba discovered, after the introduction of the European bee into the island, that when it was located near the plantations, it despised the labour of collecting honey from flowers, and attached itself to the sugar-factories, the produce of which was sensibly diminished by its theft. In the western states of the Union, the farmers dwelling along the edge of the wilderness used formerly to be much perplexed as well as annoyed by the tendency of their bees to swarm away into the forests, where, free from troublesome neighbours, and exposed to fewer thefts, they built their nests in the tops or on the boughs of lofty trees.

In Eastern Europe and the neighbouring parts of Asia, bees have always commanded considerable attention from husbandmen. The Ten Thousand, in their retreat from Mesopotamia, in traversing the mountains of Armenia, imagined themselves to have been poisoned by the honey they found in the villages; for when they had eaten of it, they experienced an insupportable nausea, and losing all their strength, as during the worst accesses of sea-sickness, threw themselves in despair on the ground to die. The sickness thus induced continued during twenty-four hours, after which it passed away, and they recovered their former strength. A modern botanist, while travelling in that part of Asia, made diligent inquiry respecting the honey now produced there, and was assured by the inhabitants, that in nearly all the branches of the Caucasus a honey is still found which, if eaten in any considerable quantity, makes men mad, though only for a short time. Nothing in the character of the flowers presented itself to account for this strange phenomenon, though it has been inferred, from the great prevalence of the rhododendron, that the honey derived its noxious quality from the juice of its blossoms. In Circassia and the Crimea, large quantities of wild honey are found generally in caves of the rocks. Throughout Russia and Siberia, where the bees were formerly supposed not to exist, they nevertheless flourish in great multitudes, especially in the forests near the Volga, on the hills of the Ural chain, and among the slopes of the Altai Mountains,

where a rich and variegated flora supplies them with inexhaustible nourishment.

Though it cannot be said that modern naturalists have neglected the history of the bee, it is certain that we have applied ourselves less assiduously to the study of its manners and peculiarities than the philosophers of ancient Greece. One of those quaint originals, who obtained from his habita the name of the wild man, forsook human society altogether, to bury himself on a large and wild estate which he possessed, among the hives and haunts of the creatures whose ways he delighted to study. Here, amid their soothoing murmurs, and in the midst of the most brilliant and fragrant flowers, he spent fifty years of his life, collecting materials for his great work on the bee; the loss of which is not one of the least to be regretted of the disasters which have befallen Grecian literature. No honey, perhaps, ever produced, has equalled in all respects that which was fabricated by the bees on Mount Hymettus, from the blossoms of the wild thyme and other delicious flowers of Attica, for even the produce of the Hyblean hives, though greatly celebrated by the poets, could hardly have exhaled that fragrance which characterised all the vegetable productions of the Attic soil. It is still thought among the best judges, that the honey of Attica can be distinguished from all other honey by the smell; nor is this at all paradoxical. In the swamps of Africa, for example, and in nearly all parts of Asia, flowers, though magnificent in their development, are coarser and more rank than in Greece. Even in the various districts of Syria, we observe a great difference in the quality of the honey; that produced on the steep acclivities of Lebanon and Carmel being much more transparent and odoriferous than what is found in the valleys of the Jordan and Orontes, and on the fat plains about Antioch. Nearest, perhaps, in delicacy to that of Attica is the honey of the Cyclades, which, being extracted from flowers growing on a dry and rocky soil, has much of the lightness and fragrance remarked in the productions of Hymettus. About the Copaic lake, in Bœotia, where the soil is rich, and the meadows studded thickly with flowers, the bees make an abundance of honey; but its inferiority to that which is manufactured on the other side of Mount Citharon is immediately perceptible, both by taste and smell.

#### MY FIRST AND LAST ROBBERY.

WHEN I was a boy about fourteen years old, I ran away from school. I was a young donkey, no doubt, but then Dr Birch did not forbid novels, and so he was partly to blame; for I imbibed thus early in life a taste for the romantic, which, I am happy to say, I have since entirely got rid of.

I forgot for what now—no doubt it was on account of some great piece of injustice—but I resolved to imitate some hero or other I had read of, and run away to sea. This part of my life I shall not dwell upon, for the recollection of it is anything but pleasant: I shall only say that I reached Liverpool, got a ship, and then, as soon as I arrived at New York, deserted, so much was I disgusted with my romantic life. How I lived in America, is a mystery to me yet; but one fine morning I found myself in Chicago with only half-a-dollar in my pocket, and no shoes on my feet. I had seen quite enough of the world; so I thought the best thing I could do was to imitate the prodigal, and go home, trusting to my family's joy at seeing me alive, for I had not written home since I ran away from school. So I laid out some of my half-dollar in some bread and cheese, and putting the rest into a seam in my trousers, started for Detroit.

For some ninety or a hundred miles, my route lay through a forest, the path being marked every fifty yards by a piece of wood nailed crosswise to the trunk of a tree. This was all I had to guide me.

My first two days passed without adventure ; one night I slept in a loghouse, where they were very kind to me, and gave me a good breakfast in the morning ; but the next night I had to sleep in a tree, and I can assure you the reality by no means came up to the idea I had formed of it from reading *The Swiss Family Robinson* : in the morning, when I awoke stiff and hungry, I sincerely wished that the ingenious author had gone quietly to the bottom of the sea, instead of writing that fictitious narrative, and making a fool of me. However, I breakfasted on some of my bread and cheese, and started once more on my weary journey.

Up to this time, I had not fallen in with a human being except the people at the farmhouse ; but about five o'clock in the afternoon, as well as I could judge, I thought I saw some figures through the trees, and presently made them out to belong to three men. As they came closer, I saw they were very queer-looking fellows, with their faces covered over with short hair, as if they had not shaved for a month, and clad in very dilapidated garments, which bore, however, marks of having been once not only fashionable but costly. I myself was lightly enough equipped in a flannel shirt and a pair of canvas trousers ; yet I am sure I looked far more respectable than any of them, for all their cloth coats with velvet collars and cuffs, and trousers tight at the knee, enlarging as they descended to the ankle, and reminding one of the barrel of a blunderbuss. In respect to foot-gear, they were variously attired. One of them boasted the possession of a pair of patent leathers, that once, no doubt, had borne part in many a dance, but now were fitter to replenish the bag of one of the gentlemen who repeat 'Old clo' about cities, than as armour for the feet on a pedestrian excursion through an American forest ; for the upper leathers had disagreed with the lower, and through many a crevice the toes peeped out. Toes, do I say ? Yes ! for, alas, stockings had long since become a subject-matter for historians. The other two possessed what are commonly called 'highlows' ; and I am particular in thus recording it, for one pair of them afterwards bore a prominent position in my adventure.

But what impressed me at once in respect to these gentlemen, was that each of them carried an instrument adapted for housebreaking—one a pickaxe, another a crowbar, and the third a hammer, chisel, and coil of rope. Was it possible they were going to commit burglary in the backwoods ? That thought I dismissed at once, for what was there to steal ? and before a second occurred to me, our meridian became identical ; and the swell, as I was passing within about twenty yards, hailed me to stop, which request I complied with. He then entered into a conversation with me, making general inquiries about my position and prospects in this world, and particular ones about where I was going, and what I intended to do when I got there. These I answered to the best of my ability ; and as I did not paint my future very brilliantly, he expressed the greatest pity for my forlorn condition, and ended by offering to make my fortune, on condition of my turning back and joining in their expedition. This was too disinterested by half, and much more than his own worldly prosperity appeared to warrant ; so I refused, and thanking him kindly, wished him good-morning. But my kind friend would not allow his object to be thus frustrated, for he produced a most conclusive argument, and used it so persuasively, that I was induced to change my mind ; in shape it resembled a Colt's revolver, and, like it, had a barrel and five chambers. If he had been studying rhetoric all his life, he could not have argued with greater success. I turned round with the greatest alacrity, and at his bidding shouldered the crowbar he was carrying, and marched on between him and his acquaintance with the pickaxe.

It was while proceeding in this order that I made

the observations I have set down, and many more which I have not ; one of which was, that we were proceeding at the rate of about three miles an hour—and considering the nature of the ground, that was rather quick—and another, that I was beginning to feel excessively hungry. After a while, I ventured to hint this last fact to my companion of the pickaxe, who appeared the best-natured of the party, for I was unconsciously a disciple of Lavater, and studied as much of their faces as I could see through their beards. To my great delight, he agreed with me, and said he would like some dinner ; whereupon we all halted ; and seeing them produce bread and meat, I said nothing about my own provender, which was carefully stowed away inside my shirt.

I made a great dinner, and so did they, though none of us said grace ; but when I saw a flask of amber fluid produced, and was given a considerable portion of it to drink, my spirits rose to a very high pitch, and I began to place more confidence in the promises of my sympathising friend.

It was now, as well as I could guess, between seven and eight o'clock, and would soon be dusk, for the days were beginning to shorten, so I thought it time I should know whither we were going, and what I was to do ; accordingly, fortified by the draught from the amber flask, I gave utterance to my sentiments. 'I say, Mister, what game's up ?'

The Swell whom I addressed stared for a while, no doubt admiring my language, both on account of its brevity and also its intrinsic beauty, and thus replied :

'Well, youngster, I'll tell you, and it ain't a very long story either. You see, some time ago, I fell in at New Orleans with a coon jest returned from shutin' bars, or some sech thing, in among the redskins up here ; and he told me a long yarn about an Indian princess who departed this wicked life when he was there, and who was buried with all her jewels ; and stunnin' ones they air tew, if they're as he says. Well, sez I to myself, what's the use of them jewels down in the ground ? and the more I cogitated, the more I thought it a tarnation pity they should stay there ; so myself and my two friends air here now for to try if we can't git them ; and I kalkilate we ain't far now from the spot, if it's where my shutin' friend described it.'

'I guess hyar's the clump of elms,' said Mr Pickaxe.

'You're right, Mr Brown,' said the leader ; 'and now, let's follow our noses.'

As we went on, I learned the whole of our project. The princess was buried in the cemetery of the tribe, about two miles from where we were, in a deep vault under a lofty sepulchre, right in the centre of the burying-place ; but as we were now in dangerous ground, silence was strictly enjoined, and I could not learn why I was included in the expedition. I puzzled myself to find out, in vain. Was it on account of my personal appearance that they had taken such a liking to me as to prefer a fourth share to a third ? Hardly so, I thought—my vanity was not so great as all that. But yet this was the only reason I could think of.

I'm sure it took us at least two hours to cover those two miles, but then we had to proceed very cautiously for fear of the Indians, for if we were caught, crucifixion was the very mildest form of punishment we could expect. At last we reached the border of the burying-ground, and never shall I forget the sight that broke on my view when we emerged from the trees—it was so solemn, so ghastly ! Long rows of white tombs were glittering in the moonlight, checkered here and there by shadows from a few willows that were scattered up and down, and from some lofty sepulchres that towered among the more unpretending tombs. And when the branches of the willows moved in the scarcely perceptible breeze, I felt sure it was some

ghoul gliding back into his grave in a hurry, to avoid being seen by mortal eyes.

While I was on the look-out for ghosts, my mates were busy reconnoitring for Indians, and none being visible, we advanced towards the centre, the rear being carefully brought up by me, still in dread of immortal creatures.

Under the shade of the tallest sepulchre we halted, and, without any delay, Mr Brown set to work with his pickaxe on a slab at the base, and soon succeeded in making an opening for the crowbar, of which I was relieved by the Swell, who inserted it skilfully, and raised up the slab.

As in Aladdin's adventure, the mouth of a dark hole was disclosed, but no steps were visible. So dark and so horrible-looking was it; that it made me shiver to look down into it. Fancy, therefore, my feelings, when my kind, sympathising friend requested me, in the blandest tone in the world, to 'Jest slew down that there rope,' which, as he spoke, he threw down, fastening one end to a piece of projecting masonry, 'and relieve the young woman of her superfluous jewelry.'

And now, it dawned on my benighted intellect that it was for this purpose they had brought me, and not on account of my prepossessing appearance, and though it put an end to all doubt on the subject, it was by no means a satisfactory explanation. So little, indeed, was I pleased at it, that, without any preliminaries, I turned and ran as hard as ever I could. But, as luck would have it, when I had gone about ten yards, I stumbled and fell over a stone, and before I could rise, was again a prisoner.

This time my friend produced a bowie-knife, and gently insinuating the point about a quarter of an inch into a tender part, observed in a tone of voice that left not the slightest doubt on my mind of his being in earnest: 'My young friend, if you try that game again, I'll jest put you outside this knife in two jiffies.'

I was ignorant at the time, and am so still, of the precise period occupied by a jiffy, but I feared it was not a protracted one, so I judged it best to obey, and went back quietly with him.

When we got to that awful hole, he repeated his former request, but suddenly I saw a loophole for escape, and suggested: 'But I've no place to put 'em.'

'Lend me your wiper, Brown.'

'I ain't got such an article jest at present,' said Mr Brown.

'Where's yourn, Price?'

'Well, I forgot to bring it down stairs.'

None of them possessed a handkerchief. At last a brilliant thought struck the Swell, and you may be sure I did not bless his ready wit. 'I say, Brown! you divest yourself of them boots; the youngster can put the plunder into the legs.'

'All serene; you have got a head-piece, and no mistake,' said admiring Brown, as he took off his highhows, and dragged them on my feet. Now I had no excuse, yet it took several rather severe applications of the bowie before I could be induced to catch hold of the rope and swing myself over.

I should have said, before this, that they had given me the hammer and chisel, and a piece of candle and a tinder-box, all of which I had stowed away along with my bread and cheese. I now slid down the rope, and soon came to the end of it, but not of the pit, for I could feel nothing below me but the sides. Here was a case. Was I to let go, and be dashed to atoms some hundreds of feet below; or was I to ascend and get eight inches of cold steel? Truly it was a dilemma, of which the horns were inconveniently sharp.

However, I did not long deliberate, for it was anything but a pleasant situation to be in. The wall I was leaning against was cold and clammy, and covered

with all kinds of creeping abominations, that were crawling over me as I hung at the end of the rope. And besides, my lively imagination pictured to me some horrible being about to seize me from below, drag me down to its abode, and there make a meal of me. So up I went, as fast as I could. But before I came to the top that confounded bowie again made its acquaintance with my shoulder, and my kind friend, who introduced it, swore a fearful oath, that if I did not go down *instanter*, he would send me to the bottom and eternity together.

Down I went again, determined to jump at any hazard. But notwithstanding all my resolution, when I came to the end of the rope, I hung as long as I could. If it had been certain death I was falling to, I could not have hung another instant. Gradually the rope slipped through my fingers (for a long time I retained marks of its passage), at last left them altogether—and I dropped. Oh, that fearful moment! Of all the sensations I ever experienced, that was the worst. Even a nightmare is nothing to it. I expected, at the very least, to be dashed to pieces in some horrible abyss, if ever I came to the bottom. All the evil I had ever done rushed into my memory in a dark mass, but with every separate sin distinct, and I lived my whole lifetime over again in that short moment; for short it was. I don't think I fell more than five feet, and then alighted on soft earth. But the delightful joy that filled my whole frame, body and mind, I cannot describe. A prisoner rerieved on the scaffold has alone experienced the same kind of feeling.

In my joy at finding myself safe, all fear passed away, and I immediately jumped up and struck a light. On looking round me, I could see that the place I was in was something like the bottom of a draw-well, being about six feet square, and having in one of its sides an aperture or doorway. Into this I advanced, and after traversing a short passage, found myself in a large chamber, evidently the receptacle of the dead Indians; in niches round about the wall were coffins in every stage of decay; others were piled up at one end, and in the centre was a kind of settle, supporting an elaborately carved sarcophagus, made from the bark of some tree. This, no doubt, was the princess. So at once, in the light of my newly found courage, I determined to secure the prize. I inserted my chisel under the lid, and after a few taps from the hammer, raised it, and disclosed the corpse of a young female, apparently not long dead, for her face looked quite fresh and lifelike; her eyes were glassy, however, and her form rigid. She was profusely ornamented with jewels, and her grave-clothes literally sparkled with brilliants. What first struck me was a ring through her nose, containing a splendid emerald. I had just seized hold of the ring, and was about to commence my sacrifice, by severing the cartilage of her nose, when I was terrified by a loud crash from above, as if the slab had been hastily replaced. Such was the first thought that occurred to me, and I rushed out to see; but in my hurry my candle was extinguished, and as I had left my tinder-box on the settle, I could not relight it, for with the darkness all my terrors had once more resumed their sway, and not for worlds would I have moved a step into that chamber with all the corpses. All I suffered before was nothing compared with what I felt when I looked up, and saw darkness everywhere, and knew that the slab had indeed fallen. I became perfectly paralysed by fear, and sank down in a corner unable to move hand or foot. Then suddenly I heard stealthy footsteps approaching from the direction of the chamber, and though now I think it must have been a rat, yet then so simple an explanation of such a sound never entered my mind. I felt sure it was the corpse coming to resent the sacrilege I had committed. All my blood ran cold in my veins, and I fainted; otherwise, I must have gone mad.

How long I remained in this deathlike stupor, I know not; but my first thought on awaking to consciousness was, where was I? The whole recollection of what had happened to me flashed on my memory at once, and I closed my eyes with a shudder, and was near going off into another swoon. What saved me was, that when I opened my eyes I saw daylight; for it was all darkness when I had fainted. Yes, it was daylight, blessed daylight, shining round about me! It is astonishing what an effect it had upon me, who in the dark was such a coward. I felt all my strength revive, and with it a feeling of hunger; so the first thing I did was to finish my bread and cheese. I then felt brave enough to face a whole churchyard, and as the light was shining in from the door of the chamber, into it I went, and looking up, saw about sixty feet over my head a large aperture, through which the light was streaming. There was no hope of escape, however, for the sides were perpendicular and quite smooth. No velvet ever appeared half so smooth to me as they did then, though in reality they were built of rough stone. This aperture was evidently on the top of the monument at whose base the slab had been removed, and no doubt, had I looked up the night before, I should have seen the moonlight; but I did not, and my candle prevented my seeing it without looking up, and when I went out into the pit, I suppose the light did not penetrate so far, or else a cloud had passed over the moon. But though it was very satisfactory to know all about the light, and where it was coming from, it by no means reconciled me to being a prisoner in such a prison, with every likelihood of being starved or eaten by rats if my comrades did not come back for me. I began, therefore, to look round for materials to build a scaffolding, if perhaps I could raise the slab; so I selected the newest coffins, and brought them out into the pit, and placing two opposite each other, put two more on these, and so on, until my pile was about six feet high. Here I came to a full stop, for I could not raise up any more without endangering the safety of the whole structure, which was very rickety; so I sat down on the settle to rest and think what I should do, and while I was there, I thought I might as well secure the jewels. So I set to work, and soon had them all in my possession—nose-ring, earrings, anklets, bracelets, and rings of every description; every ornament did I steal except those on her grave-clothes—for those, I could now see, were glass—and stuffed them into my boots. Having accomplished this, a bright idea struck me: I took off my shirt, and tore it into strips; these I twisted and knotted, and made into a rope about twelve feet long. It was good stout flannel, and made a very respectable strong rope. One end of it I fastened to a coffin, and mounting my scaffolding with the other, I commenced to haul. All went perfectly right until I got it up about half-way, and then the treacherous flannel gave way, and the coffin fell with a crash. At the same time I lost my balance, and fell down on the other side, dragging along with me my entire pile.

Stunned and bruised, I lay for a long time unconscious, covered over with bones and decayed flesh, and skulls' dust—for in their fall most of the coffins were burst open—until once more I came to life; but this time it was in darkness. For some time I could not realise where I was, until a noise above stirred the train of my memory, and I remembered all. I shook off my ghastly bedclothes, and jumped up, for I felt sure it was my friends come back to deliver me. Soon a light shone down, and I knew the slab was raised. But my feeling of thankfulness was nipped in the bud, for on looking up, I saw the end of a ladder projecting down.

'Surely the Indians are coming to bury some one,' I thought, 'and will crucify me.'

As a last chance, I felt round for my hammer, and

found it, just as the ladder rested on the ground close beside me, and the figure of a man began to descend. The night was dark and cloudy, so I could not tell whether it was an Indian or a white man; but the ladder left little doubt. So I took up my position in front of the ladder, and awaited the man who was coming down, resolved to give him a warm welcome. Slowly he came, and often stopped; but at last his foot rested on the last rung. This was my time; so I stepped forward, and dealt him a blow on the back of the head with all my might. With an awful yell he fell, either dead or stunned, and the cavern took up the yell, and echoed it round and round, whilst I joined in, to the best of my ability. Altogether, it was a fearful din, and enough to frighten any one outside, which it effectually did, for, when I ran up the ladder as fast as I could, yelling all the while, and looked, I could see several forms just disappearing into the forest. I immediately made off in the opposite direction, and ran as hard as I could till my strength failed, when I sank down exhausted, and soon, so tired and worn out was I, fell fast asleep.

The morning was breaking when I awoke, and hearing water close by, I dragged myself to it, and after drinking some of it, felt able to proceed, though very slowly, for some hours. At last I saw smoke through the trees, and presently a log-cottage. No palace was ever half so magnificent as it appeared to me then, and no woman half so beautiful as she I saw standing in the doorway. Good she was in reality, for when she saw me, she came and helped me in, set me before a fire, gave me an excellent dinner, and believed every word I told her: how I was robbed, and nearly murdered by Indians. She even offered me a lodging for the night. But not for worlds would I have remained in the neighbourhood, for fear of the Indians, and so I pretended that I was in a great hurry to get to New York, and she let me go; but first, good soul, made me take some money as a present, and provisions, for I was still a long way from Detroit. On the morning of the third day after I left my kind hostess, I arrived safe, having met with no further adventure. In Detroit I managed to dispose of some of my spoils to a jeweller, who asked no questions, but gave about one-tenth of the value. However, I was glad to get anything at all, and, as the steamer was just starting, embarked, and two days after, was in New York.

Here I sold one of the rings for fifty pounds, and lived for a little while in great style. One day coming out of a cigar-shop, I thought I saw a face I knew; I looked again, and found I was not mistaken. It was my friend with the patent leathers, looking twice as shabby as ever. He knew me at once, and immediately came over and accosted me, asking me how I had escaped.

'Escaped from the grave, you mean?' said I. 'You were a pretty fellow to leave me in such a fix.'

'But,' explained he, 'we heard the Redskins, and had to cut for our lives; and when we came back next night to see if anything could be done for you, we found the place swarming with them, and it took us as much as ever we could do to get off safe. When we got here a week ago, we heard how the Indians had captured the robber, and crucified him; so we were sure it was you.'

'You see it was not,' said I coolly; and then I told him my story. We then came to the conclusion that the man I brained belonged to some other party on the same errand as ourselves, and that the Indians had found him, no doubt still insensible, and had crucified him.

Such was the end of my adventure. But our ill-gotten gains brought us no luck. In less than a month, I was the only one of the party alive, for Brown and Price one night, about a week after we got the money, had a fight in a tavern, when Price settled his companion with his bowie, and was shortly after hung for it. The Swell got delirium tremens,

and died soon after; so I was the only one left, with nearly three thousand pounds in my possession (for we had sold all the jewels for five thousand). Terrified at the fate of my companions, I began to think I had not been acting as I ought, and soon came to the conclusion that I was little better than a thief. When once I began to think about the subject, it was all right. I wrote home to my friends, sold all my fine clothes and jewellery, and one dark night dropped all that was left of the money into the poor-box of the Orphan Refuge. Next morning, I was on my way back to England. And thus ended My First and Last Robbery.

THE MONTH:  
SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Royal Society settled the question as to who should be President by electing General Sabine to that distinguished post, at the anniversary meeting which we mentioned in our last issue about to take place; and we cannot help congratulating the Society on their choice. It had been a standing jest or reproach against them for many years past, that they could not get on without at least a Lord at their head; but in choosing their present and their late president, they have shewn that the *man* and not the *title* is what they delight to honour. For half a century, General Sabine has laboured in the field of science, pursuing abstruse researches on the figure of the earth by observation in the arctic and in the torrid zone, sifting and co-ordinating series of magnetic observations from many parts of the globe, the results of which fill numerous quarto volumes, educing theories from the mass of data, demonstrating the magnetic influence of the moon, and the decennial period of the solar spots. It is no figure of speech to say, that in knowledge of terrestrial magnetism he stands foremost among the natural philosophers of Europe. Sir Benjamin Brodie's farewell address at the anniversary meeting above referred to was unusually interesting, for it was extemporaneous, lucid, and eloquent, and imbued with heartfelt feeling towards the Society, which in its *Philosophical Transactions* alone has erected a noble monument to British science. It is gratifying to know that the venerable baronet retires from the chair with a fair measure of health, with faculties unimpaired, and with the sincere respect of all who know him. The Copley Medal of the Society was awarded to Professor Louis Agassiz; one of the Royal Medals to Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the well-known naturalist and physiologist; and the other to Professor J. J. Sylvester of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, whose reputation as a mathematician is of the highest order.

Dr Tyndall having, as we mentioned some months ago, made a series of experiments on the resistance opposed by certain gases to the transmission of heat, is now extending his investigations to ascertain the resistance encountered by solid bodies in the same gases, and thus arrive at data for their density. It has been suggested that, as the phenomena which attend the swinging of a pendulum in common air are now well known, some useful conclusions might be obtained by swinging a pendulum in different gases, and noting the movements. M. Ozanam has succeeded in forcing oxygen by pressure to combine with distilled water, and the water thus oxygenated is said to be remedial in cases of gout, but injurious in diseases accompanied by inflammation.—Dr Andrews of Belfast, whose

papers on *Ozone* have been published by the Royal Society, has taken up a subject of research, in which Professor Faraday led the way some years ago, with highly successful experiments—solidification or liquefaction of gases. We had the pleasure of hearing the lecture delivered at the Royal Institution in which those experiments were first made public, and shall never forget the impression then made on the audience. Six gases resisted all the lecturer's ingenious devices to render them visible; and he expressed his opinion, that if nitrogen could be solidified, it would appear as a metal. To these six, Dr Andrews has been diligently applying himself, and has succeeded in compressing atmospheric air until its density nearly equalled that of water, and oxygen, nitrogen, and nitric acid were reduced to dimensions almost incredibly small; but not one of them shewed the slightest sign of liquefaction. Though baffled for the present, the question of the actual constitution of the gases referred to is so important, that we doubt not of the perseverance of Dr Andrews and other natural philosophers in their investigations until it shall be answered.

The two engraved portraits (as they may be called) of Mars, published by Mr Warren De la Rue, are admirable specimens of the perfection to which optical apparatus and astronomical observation are now brought. It seems almost possible to pronounce as to the physical constitution of the ruddy planet by mere inspection of these portraits, which are printed from steel plates, so marked is the difference of aspect between the polar and equatorial regions. We think it would be useful to science as well as to popular education, were the portraits of all our principal planets published in a similar way; while, even as pictures, they would be interesting.—Photographing of magnetic phenomena and of the sun's image is still carried on at the Kew Observatory, and with good results, as will ere long appear in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Mr De la Rue has devoted special attention to the latter subject, and with what success was shewn at a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society by enlarged photographs of the sun, in which the spots are represented an inch in diameter. The valuable means thus derived for accurate observation of the sun will be obvious even to an ordinary reader, while to the scientific inquirer they are fraught with the richest promise. With photographers taking daily images of the solar face, and Kirchoff and other chemists analysing his atmosphere, we may hope to hear, at the next meeting of the British Association, that our knowledge of the great luminary is much increased. Already Mr De la Rue announces that the faculae—the brightest patches of the sphere of light—are elevated above the general level of its surface. Is the sun, then, a solid 'body'? and are these bright patches the tops of mountains? Something further will be done in the way of investigation on the last day of the present year, when there will be a partial eclipse of the sun. To close our astronomical remarks, it gives us pleasure to be able to state that the long-desired series of observations of the heavens from a considerable altitude is at length to be commenced, by Major Jacob, with a proper instrument, at a height of five thousand feet on the hills near Simla.

Mr Robert Mallet's elaborate report on the disastrous earthquakes that took place a few years since in the Neapolitan territory, is to appear in the form of two handsome octavo volumes, amply illustrated by maps and views. It will be an important contribution to the literature of terrestrial convulsions generally. Dr Karl Kluge of Chemnitz has published a small book, *On the Causes of the Earthquakes that took place from 1850 to 1857, and their Relation to*

*Volcanoes and the Atmosphere.* From this it appears, that in the period of eight years there happened 1620 earthquakes, on 1810 days in the northern hemisphere, and 637 days in the southern: that the shocks are least frequent in the summer quarter, and most frequent in the winter quarter; or, reckoning the first half of the year against the second half, the latter shews 72 days with 133 shocks more than the former; and that shocks are more numerous in the night than in the day. This statement comprises Europe, North Africa, Asia Minor, and Persia; and from this the author's method of investigation may be inferred. The relation of earthquakes to volcanic phenomena appears to be demonstrable; but whether the difference between the electricity of the atmosphere and that of the earth, or the changes in what Faraday describes as the paramagnetic condition of oxygen which occur with changes of temperature, is concerned in the causation of earthquakes, remains to be proved. Dr Kluge promises the publication of further studies thereupon.—Among recent earthquakes noticed at a meeting of the Geological Society, one that occurred in Manilla threw up a fetid mud-bank in a river; another raised a bank in the southern waters of the Caspian, thirty feet high, and more than a mile long.

In addition to the news that Adolphe Schlagintweit's manuscript journal has been recovered from the Tibetan chief by whom the traveller was slain, we have information concerning a scientific expedition which is about to be sent by the government of India, in connection with the geological survey of that great country, to explore the mountains of Central Asia. Five competent persons are appointed to conduct all the scientific inquiries and observations, and it is intended that they shall start early in the coming year.—The last published part of the *Proceedings* of the Royal Geographical Society contains Sir Henry Rawlinson's communication on a direct overland telegraph to India, from which we gather a few interesting particulars. A telegraph, 1314 miles in length, is in operation from Constantinople to Baghdad, being no inconsiderable part of a line which the Turkish government erected at its own cost, intending to carry it on to Bussorah. From the latter place, Sir Henry Rawlinson recommends that it should be extended to Teheran, thence to Ispahan, Shiraz, and Bunder Abbas at the head of the Persian Gulf; and from there along the coast, through the territories of the Imam of Muscat and the Khan of Kelat, to Kurrachi, where the line would meet our Indian telegraph system. 'Teheran,' as we are informed, 'has peculiar advantages as a principal station: first, because a line passing that way would be sure of the favour of the Persian government; and secondly, because it would there be connected with other lines of telegraphs. An electric communication is already established between Teheran and Tabriz, while Persian telegraphy seems likely to progress, and to connect itself with the Russian system by way of Tiflis, and even with our Scindian frontiers by way of Herat.' The distance from Baghdad to Bunder Abbas would be 1302 miles; from Bunder Abbas to Kurrachi, 731; making the whole distance from Constantinople to India 3351 miles. There is much to be said for an overland telegraph to the far East: it can be more easily repaired than a submarine cable, and it appears that the Arabs are not unfriendly to the presence of English enterprise in the desert in such a form. One of the chiefs said to our consul at Diarbekir: 'If in your hands, yes; but if in the hands of the Turks, we should destroy it, looking upon it but as the fore-runner of forts and soldiers to coerce us.' Should this scheme be accomplished, as we hope it will, London would be able to communicate directly with Calcutta, and we should have a line rivalling that which now stretches all across the great continent of North America from New York to San Francisco. We

notice in the last news from South Africa that a telegraph line is to be set up from Cape Town to Graham's Town, and that extensions to Natal and Cafraria are talked of.

Dr Livingstone, to whom every reader wishes success, has bought land for a permanent settlement at the foot of the falls of the Zambezi, which, considering what we have heard of the neighbouring country, will probably become in time an entrepôt for cotton. Another steamer is to be sent out to the enterprising missionary: an earnest, judging from the past, of fresh explorations.—The French authorities are about to introduce cotton culture into their remote colony of New Caledonia, the soil and climate being, as is said, suitable for that important plant.—Now that we have in some kind established commercial relations with Japan, the *Swallow* screw steam-sloop of nine guns is to sail with a competent crew and officers, to survey the shores and islands of that interesting empire. If they will only bring us some fresh information about Loochoo, all who have read Captain Baill Hall's narrative of his visit to that island in particular, will be ready to give it hearty appreciation.

The Society of Arts and Sciences of Utrecht have published a series of prize-questions, to which they invite answers, offering for each a gold medal worth 300 Dutch florins. Among these questions we notice—a historical sketch of the state of our knowledge concerning the island of New Guinea: and—Set forth the principles which, from the Treaty of Munster up to the present day, have been enunciated and applied on occasion of the recognition of the independence of a people who have thrown off their yoke, or of the changes brought about in the form of government. Europe is much in want of information concerning New Guinea; and with respect to the second question, a good answer would supply us with valuable matter of history.

Mr Felt, of Boston, Massachusetts, has invented a type-setting machine, which, according to the descriptions that have come before us, will be for compositors what the sewing-machine has been for seamstresses. It has capacity, if required, for a thousand different characters, and for any quantity of each character: it will set up two copies at the same time, and in different type, properly 'spaced,' 'leaded,' and 'justified,' at the rate of 15,000 letters an hour. It will also distribute the type after the work is printed; and, what is more, it keeps a register, by punching holes in strips of paper, during the composition; and if at any time a reprint of the work should be asked for, the compositor has only to introduce the register into the machine, when, by an ingenious contrivance, the setting of the type goes on precisely the same as for the first edition. If the machine will do all this, it is certainly a remarkable invention: on this point, however, English printers will have opportunity to judge for themselves, for the inventor, who is at present in this country, intends to exhibit one at work in the Great Exhibition of 1862.

The patent antimony paint prepared at Norway Wharf, Rotherhithe, by Dr Stenhouse's method, which we noticed a few months since, is growing into use, and results have been obtained therewith which entitle it to further notice. Compared with white-lead, the trial shews that while a given weight of antimony paint covered 588 superficial feet, a similar weight of white-lead covered not more than 473 feet of surface. Moreover, the antimony gives off but little of the unpleasant smell of paint, and it keeps its colour well when exposed to the fumes of gas, or to acid vapours. It was subjected to the action of sulphuretted hydrogen, in the works of the London Gas-light Company, for a fortnight without altering its colour, and it has been used with equal success in a brewery and sugar-refinery. The discolouration of

paint on external walls in large towns is a constant grievance; it arises from the action of the local atmosphere on lead; and from the fact, that a good deal of what is sold as white-lead is nothing but sulphite of zinc, which is one of the most soluble of salts, especially when exposed to sulphuric acid. Barytes is also much used by dishonest manufacturers of white-lead. Metallurgy has thus its tricks as well as other trades; we hear that Dr Percy's forthcoming work on metallurgy will contain an exposure of some of the unworthy practices to which smelters resort in order to mystify customers. It would not be so difficult as it is to get shot-resisting iron, if none but the best methods were adopted.

#### SOUTHEY'S LOVE OF BOOKS.

'Having no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample, perhaps, than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.'

My days among the dead are passed;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old—  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse every day.  
  
With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.  
  
My thoughts are with the dead; with them  
I live in long-past years;  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears;  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.  
  
My hopes are with the dead, anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.'

ROBERT SOUTHEY.'

To this may be appropriately added an extract from a letter of Wordsworth's, dated July 1840:

'I ought not to forget that, two days ago, I went over to see Mr Southey, or rather Mrs Southey, for he is past taking pleasure in the presence of any of his friends. He did not recognise me till he was told. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness; but he sank into the state in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately, like a child. Having attempted in vain to interest him by a few observations, I took my leave.'

'Could there be a more affecting instance of "the ruling passion strong in death"?

#### THE 'OLD YEAR'S VINDICATION.'

The Year was ready to die;  
He deemed that his work was done,  
When he heard the world's upbraiding cry  
Arise as the voice of one;  
So he gathered his breath for a last reply  
To all that are under the sun.  
  
To the Rich he sternly said :  
'False wailers, silent be !  
I grudge not the fruit of hand or head,  
But out of my gifts, give ye,  
That so, when you come to the hour you dread,  
You wail not in truth for me.'

And thus to the Poor he spoke :  
'I never have earned your hate ;  
When ye fell beneath the crushing stroke  
Of a blind and ruthless Fate,  
I bound up the heart which the Despot broke,  
Though slowly, not all too late.'

He said to a hopeless Lover :  
'Chide not with me, poor soul,  
For how could my circling flight discover  
Thy fixed heart's flying goal ?  
And have I not saved a dove to hover  
Where now the deep waters roll ?'

To a Poet thus he said :  
'Thy shaft of blambe has err'd ;  
I only promised thee daily bread,  
And have I not kept my word ?  
As yet, thou art neither crazed nor dead,  
Which is more than thy fears averred.'

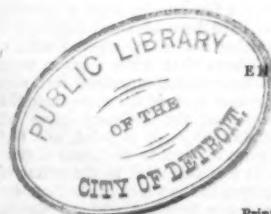
'Yet, because thou hast kept the faith  
In good, though thy lot was ill,  
And because thou hast mourned a brother's scath,  
Though thine own was deeper still,  
My spirit, prescient in dying, saith,  
Mount high on the sacred hill.'

In a whisper, he spoke once more,  
While his life was ebbing fast :  
'Soul, whom my wing has wafted o'er  
Some billows of all the past,  
I have brought thee nearer that tranquil shore,  
Where we both must meet at last.'

'Therefore, give earnest heed  
To these latest words of mine—  
Vain for Labour to vanquish need,  
Vain for Wisdom to scatter seed,  
Vain for Valour to sweat and bleed,  
Vain to live, and vain to die,  
If He whose time is eternity,  
Withhold the accord divine.'

R. R.

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